THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 10, 1806.

The History of Mr. Sawyer Dickens, a Wealthy Banker.

[From a new and interesting Novel, entitled "A Winter in London."]

THE hero of this tale is universally known as one of the wealthiest commoners in England.

There were not wanting, however, some persons with strong memories, who recollected that the origin of the wealthy banker was far from splendid. In truth, the first property acquired by the father of Mr. Dickens was obtained by the application of his talents and industry to the useful employments of cleaning boots and shoes, and knives and forks, at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Newgate Market. Ned Dickens was indebted to Yorkshire for his birth, parentage, and education, and was a firm and sincere professor of that celebrated creed "that pence get shillings, and shillings get pounds." This faith enabled him to endure with patience and humility many a cuff and kick, and cheered him under many a cloud of brick-dust. Thus, a few years' devotion to these pursuits enabled Ned Dickens to become a creditor of the nation, to the amount of fifty pounds five per cent. stock, and promoted him to the rank of waiter. The same saving faith still urged him onward in the rich man's progress, and shielded him from all temptation to turn aside. "A penny saved is a penny got," often rang in his ears, as he cast his little eyes upon the spruce garments of a brother waiter at a neighbouring coffee-house, and then surveyed his own old suit of greasy corderoy.

To all this personal merit, fortune added her blind boon, by rendering the existing circumstances precisely such as best agreed with his peculiar genius and disposition.

His master died, and bequeathed all his right and title to the house, and the good-will of the trade, to his beloved widow, and his hopeful heir Tommy Jones.

Tommy was what at that period was termed a *natty* spark of eighteen, and the widow Jones was one of the numerous class of foolishly good-natured mothers. Ned was three years older than Tommy, and was, at the death of his master, worth nearly two hundred pounds.

Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells, and the Dog-and-Duck, became the exchequers into which Tommy Jones, assisted by certain fair friends, regularly paid the receipts of his mother's bar. These, however, were soon found inadequate to support the frolics of this spirited youth; and Ned Dickens's coffers became the budget from which his young master, with due humility, and at ample discount, drew his supplies.

The thrifty Dickens kept a good account. Thus the idleness and folly of the master enriched the servant; and by the time that Tommy was two-and-twenty he had broken his mother's heart, and spent his last shilling. He then enlisted himself as an East-India soldier, and Mr. Edward Dickens succeeded him as landlord of that house, which, a few years before, he had entered a pennyless and almost naked boy.

With the attainment of such an eminence as this, above the level of his ancestors, many a plodder would have been content. Not so Edward Dickens:—he was destined to be the founder of a family; and this little elevation served only to open to him the brighter paths that still towered above him. He did not halt. At five and twenty he considered that matrimony would have been an expensive clog in his progress, and he consequently resisted with a Joseph's virtue all the bewitching lures of widows and maids who were daily surrounding him. To discover poor butchers, poor bakers, poor distillers, and poor excisemen, was Ned's constant study, from a persuasion that his own ready cash would produce more profit in proportion to the greater need of those with whom he bargained.

The scene of action now grew confined, in comparison with his stimulus to exertion. Fortune, again befriending him, soon opened a wider field to his talents. Adjoining to his own house was that of Mr. Barton, an eminent man in his trade, which was that of importing rum and brandy in puncheons and pieces, and retailing the same commodities, with a little British addition, in quarters of jills, to the gardeners, butchers, fishmongers, and their fair assistants, who resorted to Newgate market. In this traffic Mr. Barton was rapidly acquiring wealth; he was already a common-councilman of the ward, and would, in all probability, have been lord-mayor of London, but for the carelessness of his housekeeper, who one night forgetting to take off his cravat after his return from a turtle-feast, the poor

man

man paid his life a forfeit for an inordinate indulgence of his appetite.

Next morning, no sooner was Edward Dickins informed why the shop of his neighbour was not opened, than he flew to the nephew, who was his heir at law; and who, being a thoughtless young man, then an ensign in the guards, very good-naturedly promised that, if he had the power, Mr. Dickens should have the lease and good-will of his uncle's house at a fair valuation.

This lucky hit, as some called it, but this quick foresight, as he himself justly thought it, proved a considerable advancement in the fortune of Mr. Dickens; for, as young Barton lived chiefly at an hotel in St. James's-street, he knew nothing of the value of his uncle's concern, and very confidently left the regulation of the whole transaction to a fashionable auctioneer, who in his turn being engaged to sell some pictures and porcelain at the west end of the town, sent a young disciple of seventeen to value the concern, against a deep old practitioner in the city, whom Dickens had engaged. It is an axiom in mercantile morality, to buy as cheap and sell as dear as possible. Therefore, though the stock and business of Mr. Barton was certainly worth three thousand pounds, it is not right to infer that any thing like a bribe was the cause of their being assigned over to Mr. Dickins for one.

Such was the fact; and from that moment the thrifty Yorkshireman acquired hundreds with more facility than he had before gained pounds.

On his fortieth birth-day Edward Dickens arose worth forty thousand pounds. His residence was then a small house on Garlick Hill; where, with an establishment consisting of a house-keeper, one man-servant, and a clerk whom he had taken from a charity-school as an apprentice, he transacted more business, and gained more thousands, than many of his fraternity who kept their country-house and carriages, and left the cares of their business to sixteen careless clerks, and an idle fagging partner.

It was at that epoch of his life that business introduced Mr. Dickens to the acquaintance of Hannah Sawyer, a well-looking woman, about his own age, the widow of the chief partner in a bank at Bristol. He soon discovered that her husband had died worth at least twice as much as he himself possessed, and he instantly persuaded himself that he had never seen so desirable a woman as this widow.

Expensive as it was, he insisted upon lodging the fair prize in his own house during her stay in London, and, for more reasons than he confessed, persisted in accompanying her and one of the surviving partners to Doctors Commons, with poor Mr. Sawyer's will.

His visage lengthened as he heard the clauses read, which condemned fifty thousand pounds of the widow's property to the strong boxes of the bank at Bristol, during the continuation of the present partnership (which could only be dissolved by unanimous consent), and for which she was only to receive a proportionate rate of the profit arising from the bank. Still, however, there remained thirty thousand pounds unappropriated, and the whole was at her own disposal, with only the above restriction.

In vain the gentleman who accompanied the widow from Bristol crossed in between the object of his own hopes and the brandy-merchant;—the latter was the favoured admirer.

Mrs. Sawyer had been advanced to the honours of a bride to the Bristol banker from the capacity of a menial servant. In one of those deliriums, which sometimes seize old bachelors who have scoffed all the days of their youth at matrimony, old Sawyer, at the age of three-score and ten, took Hannah, his house-maid, to wife. She had tenderly nursed the old man in his fits of the gout, for the space of twelve years, and was rewarded for her attention by a bequest of eighty thousand pounds. This fortune, and her own fair hand, Hannah, in less than a month, was prevailed upon to bestow on the "discreet," the "sober," the "jolly-looking" Dickens, in preference to the "conceited," "boyish," "pragmatical" Mr. Willis, the junior partner in the house of Sawyer and Co.

Thus invested with the privileges of a master, the bridegroom repaired to the bank at Bristol, and was in all due form introduced to the partners.

Though the education of Mr. Dickens had not extended beyond reading the catechism, he had taught himself to write the word "received," and he could sign his own name. For a slight knowledge of figures he was indebted to his love of money, which rendered it indispensable to know how to keep or to check his accounts. His interest in the banking concern now caused him to regret the want of a more liberal education, as it puzzled him exceedingly at first to comprehend the arcana of the innermost counting-house. So powerful, however, was his love of gain, that his naturally keen penetration, and quickness of apprehension, soon enabled him to form a just estimate of the value of the opportunity which fortune had thus again bestowed on him.

(To be continued.)

FEMALE DRESS.

A Writer who lived in the reign of Charles II. speaks thus of the dress of the ladies in his day: "The single dress of

of a woman is often the product of an hundred climates. The scarf is brought from the torrid zone, the tippet from beneath the pole, the shoes from Dantzick, the golden buckles from Spain, the brocade petticoat sparkles with the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace rises out of the bowels of Hindostan."

Of TRESPASS *in* PURSUING GAME.

[From Mr. Wilkes's Encyclopædia Londinensis.]

IT is a fundamental principle of the common law, laid down by all the great authorities, that no person can break close, or enter upon another man's land in pursuit of game, without being liable to an action of trespass. 2 Bac. Abr. 613. 2 Comm. 417. 2 Black. Rep. 900. And to this Sir William Blackstone has added, in very strong language, "that not even the lord of a manor can by common law justify sporting even on his own soil, unless he hath a grant of free warren; nor can he come upon another man's ground to hunt or shoot, though it be in his own manor, without committing trespass, and subjecting himself to an action for the same." 2 Comm. 39. and 4 Comm. 415.

In this opinion all the modern writers on the game laws seem to have unanimously concurred; though we might observe that the sentiments of all these writers appear to have been derived from one and the same source, namely, the Commentaries of Sir William Blackstone. And yet that learned commentator, in his fourth volume, p. 174, says expressly, "that those who have a grant of free-warren, or a manor of their own, are exempt from this species of trespass." And with respect to the position "that the lord of a manor cannot justify sporting even on his own soil, by reason that the property of the game is exclusively vested in the king,"—this is pretty evidently refuted by the facts stated from Mr. Christian's notes, already recited. It would seem therefore that the general doctrine of trespass with respect to the owners of manerial property, (if it holds good at all), must apply to the lords of reputed manors, and not to those who possess a legal manor, over which the lord exercises a complete supremacy by his baronial court, compels suit and service from all his tenants, receives the fines and quit-rents and homage due for the farms and lands held of him, and records the presentments of his jury which are to punish all innovations, encroachments, and injuries, which might appear subversive of the privileges and franchises of his manor, or of the rights of the tenants who hold under him.

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It would seem indeed highly incompatible with the well-known principle of an original grant of manor and royalty, though the lord might have leased or granted off to tenants under him the principal part of it in farms and inclosed grounds, and for which these tenants are obliged to render him suit and service, that this very lord should not possess the right of pursuing his game over such soil, (though the franchise itself was originally granted by the king,) without being liable to an action of trespass from his own tenants—the very men who acknowledge to hold these lands of him by their homage at his court, and who pay him fines and quit-rents, and services, as a token of their submission to his supremacy over the soil. Nor is it reasonable to imagine that those great and arbitrary barons, who were so jealous and scrupulous of the game, would ever have granted the use of the soil in any shape to their vassals, if by such grant they were to be afterwards excluded from pursuing the game on those particular parts of the royalty or manor so granted off.

There is a further glaring absurdity in the contrary proposition, which has been remarked by several distinguished writers, namely, that if the lord of a manor cannot justify killing the game on the farms of a tenant within his royalty, and the tenant not being qualified by law to kill it himself, that then the game on all those numerous farms must remain wholly untouched, and be continually propagated in vain, as being for no man's use, nor for the benefit of society. This the legislature could never intend; nor is it any where set forth when, or how, the ancient lords of legal manors forfeited or lost this franchise, which must have been granted originally with the manor. For if the right of pursuing the game over all men's property, by the feodal system, or system of tenures, was universally admitted to reside exclusively in the king, then of course it follows, that when the king granted these immunities to a subject, that subject must have possessed in full right every such privilege as was inherent in the king himself.

That the legislature, in framing the modern game laws, conceived the right of pursuing the game over every part of the manor, as well the inclosed part as the waste, to vest in the lord of such manor, appears extremely evident from the words of the statute in the powers delegated to a gamekeeper, viz. "that all lords of manors may authorize their gamekeepers within their respective manors or royalties, (not exempting the inclosed parts or farms, but in all parts within the manerial liberty,) to take and seize all setting-dogs, tunnels, trammels, hays, or other nets, lowbels, hare-pipes, snares, or other engines, for the taking or killing of hares, pheasants, partridges, or other game, as within the precincts of such respective manors shall be used, by any person who by this act is prohibited to keep or use the same." 22 & 23 Car. II. c. 25. Now,

Now, if it be held, as Sir William Blackstone has affirmed, "that neither the lord of a manor, nor his gamekeeper, can enter upon his tenant's land, without being liable to an action of trespass," how can he possibly "take and seize setting dogs, nets, hays, tunnels, trammels, lowbels, harepipes, snares, or other engines,"—set or placed for the destruction of game?

These engines are almost always made use of in the inclosed grounds, particularly for partridge and pheasant; and for the hare likewise, the snares are much oftener placed in coppices, on the sides of rows and hedges, on the borders of corn-fields and turnips, of clover and saintfoin, than upon wastes and commons, where the chance of success in poaching is much less, and the danger of detection much greater, than in woods and inclosed grounds, where the game is sure to be moving at its accustomed hours of feeding; and which hours and places are therefore always chosen for its destruction. This fact is incontrovertible: and therefore if a gamekeeper is not warranted to enter an inclosure for the seizure of these implements of poaching, and for the detection of persons employed in setting them, then such an appointment becomes of no avail, and the act of parliament itself is a perfect nullity. On the contrary, if it be granted that the gamekeeper has a right to enter the inclosed grounds and farms within the manor for these purposes, then the lord of the manor who appointed him must inherently possess the same right, otherwise he could not delegate it to his servant. And, from a parity of reasoning, if he possesses the right of entering his tenant's farm and grounds in search of nets, dogs, snares, &c. it cannot be pretended that he possesses not the right of pursuing and killing the game in and upon all such grounds and inclosures, without being liable to an action of trespass from any of his manerial tenants.

How far this right can be maintained on a reputed manor, or manor extinct, is another question; but as all the other manerial rights and privileges are lost and gone by the extinction of the court baron, so it is reasonable to conclude that this right (if it be one,) is lost likewise; and the more so, as there are no tenants who hold of or under such a manor; and it is not pretended that the lord of a legal manor can justify entering, either of himself or by his gamekeeper, into any man's land, situated out of his manor, or even within his manor, if such occupant does not perform suit and service at his court for the land he occupies: which is sometimes the case with allodial and other freehold farms situated within the boundary of a legal manor. In all cases, however, where the baronial courts are maintained, and at which the tenants perform their suit and service, it is conceived that the lord can claim, without trespass, the right of sporting over the inclosed ground; and the opinion of many men, of distinguished abilities in the English

jurisprudence, is in favour of this manerial franchise; somewhat arbitrary, indeed, and perhaps the only existing fragment of the ancient feodal authority. In all the precedents we have stated, or have heard of, the actions for trespass have been brought against unqualified persons, or the lord of a manor extinct, or for trespass of a legal lord out of his manor. But the question, in the shape we have proposed it, with the many and nice distinctions which emanate from it, has never been before the court; though it would be extremely desirable, for the information of the owners of such franchises, as well as of the public at large, that the matter should be coolly and seriously argued, and decided upon with that candour and deliberate justice, for which the English courts of justice are so eminently distinguished.

That the game-laws, in their present confused form, are in many respects contradictory and vexatious, appears to be universally admitted. The Justices Ashhurst and Willes (D. and E. 1. v. 44.) openly declared in court, that "Nothing could be more oppressive than the present system of the game-laws; and that in expounding them, they ought to be considered only as positive rules, rather than as laws founded on reason." Perhaps it might hereafter be found expedient to repeal the statutes now in force relating to this subject, in order to form anew system under on eact of parliament, that shall appear more consonant to human reason, and explain more obviously and satisfactorily the rights of individuals, and the pains and penalties to be incurred by those who offend.

Of what utility can the clause be now, in the stat. 33, Henry VIII. c. 6, which sets forth, that shooting with a cross-bow, hand-gun, or demihake, by any person not possessing 100l. a year, incurs a penalty of 10l. Or that hand-guns are to be of a yard length in the stock and gun, otherwise qualified persons are to take, seize, and destroy them? Many other of our present existing laws, enacted for the preservation of the game, stand in a similar predicament; and previous to any substantial reformation to be made in the code, it might perhaps be worth while well to consider, whether it would not prove more beneficial to the community at large, and much more advantageous to the sportsman, to make the game private property. This would effectually strike at the root of poaching; game would abound in every part of the kingdom; our markets would be supplied with it throughout the season at a reasonable price; and every man possessed of landed property would enjoy the right he ought to inherit from nature, that of sporting on his own soil, and of possessing in full right the game it nurtures up, and which he feeds, and propagates, and protects. Selfish minds alone will revolt at so just and equitable an arrangement of the game-laws.

The circumstance of the game being *feræ naturæ*, is not a sufficient ground whereon to found an objection, provided every person is confined within the boundaries of his own land; and as to its passing occasionally from one man's soil to that of another, the chance being equal, will still afford the same participation of equal advantage and of equal right. The royalty of all river fisheries in England is maintained upon this principle; and so might that of the game, with the same justice and facility.

The common law allows of the hunting of foxes and badgers, being beasts of prey, in another man's ground, because the destroying of them is looked upon as a public benefit; yet the digging and breaking of ground to unearth them is held to be unlawful, and the owner of the ground may maintain an action of trespass. Cro. Jac. 321.—There likewise is a modern fashion among fox-hunters, which seems to call loudly for restraint, namely, that of importing foxes from the continent on purpose to turn out, for the multiplication of the species as well as of the sport, but to the great injury and annoyance of their neighbours: it should be remembered, that this practice cannot be justified on any ground; and in an action of trespass for fox-hunting, if it can be shewn that the defendant was in the habit of procuring foxes or young cubs on purpose to turn out for his diversion, and did actually turn them out, it is more than probable that the verdict would go against him; besides that he might be prosecuted for a public nuisance.—It is a case which appears never to have been tried, or even noticed in the books, though in common practice.

CHARACTER *of the* IRISH PEASANTRY.

[From Carr's Stranger in Ireland.]

I Have in the course of this tour mentioned some circumstances to illustrate the character of the low Irish; and a little closer view of it may not be unpleasant.

In this class of society, a stranger will see a perfect picture of nature. Pat stands before him, thanks to those who ought long since to have cherished and instructed him, as it were, "in mudder's (mother's) nakedness." His wit and warmth of heart are his own, his errors and their consequences, will not be registered against him. I speak of him in a quiescent state, and not when suffering and ignorance led him into scenes of tumult which inflamed his mind and blood to deeds that are foreign to his nature. We know that the best, when corrupted, become the worst, and that the vulgar mind, when overheated, will rush headlong into the most brutal excesses, more especially if in

pursuing a summary remedy for a real or supposed wrong, it has the example of occasional cruelty and oppression presented by those against whom it advances.

The lower Irish are remarkable for their ingenuity and docility, and a quick conception; in these properties they are equalled only by the Russians. It is curious to see with what scanty materials they will work; they build their own cabins, and make bridles, stirrups, cruppers, and ropes for every rustic purpose, of hay; and British adjutants allow, that an Irish recruit is sooner made a soldier of than an English one.

That the Irish are not naturally lazy, is evident from the quantity of laborious work which they will perform, when they have much to do, which is not frequently the case in their own country, and are adequately paid for it, so as to enable them to get proper food to support severe toil. Upon this principle, in England, an Irish labourer is always preferred. It has been asserted by Dr. Campbell, who wrote in 1777, that the Irish recruits were in general short, owing to the poverty of their food; if this assertion were correct, and few tourists appear to have been more accurate, they are much altered since that gentleman wrote; for most of the Irish militia regiments which I saw exhibited very fine-looking men, frequently exceeding the ordinary stature; and at the same time I must confess, I do not see how meagre diet is likely to curtail the height of a man. Perhaps the doctor might have seen some mountaineer recruits, and mountaineers are generally less in all regions, according to the old adage—

"The higher the hill, the shorter the grass."

If I was gratified by contemplating the militia of Ireland, I could not fail of deriving the greatest satisfaction from seeing those distinguished heroes, the volunteers of Ireland: this army of patriots, composed of catholics as well as protestants, amounts to about 80,000 men; when their country was in danger, they left their families, their homes, and their occupations, and placed themselves in martial array against the invader and disturber of her repose: they fought, bled, and conquered; and their names will be enrolled in the grateful page of history, as the saviours of their native land.

What they have done, their brethren in arms on this side of the water are prepared and anxious to perform; and whenever the opportunity occurs, will cover themselves with equal glory.

The handsomest peasants in Ireland are the natives of Kilkenny and the neighbourhood, and the most wretched and squalid near Cork and Waterford, and in Munster and Connaught. In the county of Roscommon the male and female peasantry

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and horses are handsome; the former are fair and tall, and possess great flexibility of muscle: the men are the best leapers in Ireland: the finest hunters and the most expert huntsmen are to be found in the fine sporting county of Fermanagh. In the county of Meath the peasants are very heavily limbed. In the county of Kerry, and along the western shore, the peasants very much resemble the Spaniards in expression of countenance and colour of hair.

The lower orders will occasionally lie, and so will the lower orders of any other country, unless they are instructed better; and so should we all had we not been corrected in our childhood for doing it. It has been asserted that the low Irish are addicted to pilfering; I met with no instance of it personally. An intelligent friend of mine, one of the largest linen-manufacturers in the north of Ireland, in whose house there is seldom less than twelve or fifteen hundred pounds in cash, surrounded with two or three hundred poor peasants, retires at night to his bed without bolting a door or fastening a window. During Lady Cathcart's imprisonment in her own house in Ireland, for 20 years, by the orders of her husband, an affair which made a great noise some years since, her ladyship wished to remove some remarkably fine and valuable diamonds which she had concealed from her husband, out of the house, but having no friend or servant whom she could trust, she spoke to a miserable beggar-woman who used to come to the house, from the window of the room in which she was confined. The woman promised to take care of the jewels, and Lady Cathcart accordingly threw the parcel containing them to her out of the window; the poor mendicant conveyed them to the person to whom they were addressed; and when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty some years afterwards, her diamonds were safely restored to her. I was well informed, that a disposition to inebriation amongst the peasantry had rather subsided, and had principally confined itself to Dublin.

The instruction of the common people is in the lowest state of degradation. In the summer a wretched uncharactered itinerant derives a scanty and precarious existence, by wandering from parish to parish, and opening a school in some ditch covered with heath and furze, to which the inhabitants send their children to be instructed by the miserable breadless being, who is nearly as ignorant as themselves; and in the winter these pedagogue pedlars go from door to door offering their services, and pick up just sufficient to prevent themselves from perishing by famine. What proportion of morals and learning can flow from such a source into the minds of the ragged young pupil, can easily be imagined, but cannot be reflected upon without serious concern. A gentleman of undoubted veracity stated, not long since, before the Dublin Association for distributing Bibles and

Testaments amongst the poor, that whole parishes were without a Bible.

With an uncommon intellect, more exercised than cultivated, the peasantry have been kept in a state of degradation, which is too well known, and which will be touched upon in a future part of this sketch.

Their native urbanity towards each other is very pleasing; I have frequently seen two boors take off their hats, and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these fellows upon meeting one another are full of cordiality. One of them in Dublin met a camrogue, in plain English, a boy after his own heart, who, in the sincerity of his soul, exclaimed, "Paddy! myself's glad to see you, for in troth I wish you well." —"By my shoul, I knows it well," said the other, "but you have but the half of it;" that is, the pleasure is divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin which is the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so (for nothing is more painful to an Irishman than to be thought ignorant); he will either direct you by an appeal to his imagination, which is ever ready, or he will say, "I shall find it out for your honour immediately;" and away he flies into some shop for information, which he is happy to be the bearer of, without any hope of reward.

Their hospitality, when their circumstances are not too wretched to display it, is remarkably great. The neighbour or the stranger finds every man's door open, and to walk in without ceremony at meal time, and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to every one of the house, and the pig is turned out to make room for the gentleman. If the visitor can relate a lively tale, or play upon any instrument, all the family is in smiles, and the young will begin a merry dance, whilst the old will smoke after one another out of the same pipe, and entertain each another with stories. A gentleman of an erratic turn was pointed out to me, who with his flute in his hand, a clean pair of stockings and a shirt in his pocket, wandered through the country every summer; wherever he stopped the face of a stranger made him welcome, and the sight of his instrument doubly so; the best seat, if they had any, the best potatoes and new milk, were allotted for his dinner; and clean straw, and sometimes a pair of sheets, formed his bed; which, although frequently not a bed of roses, was always rendered welcome by fatigue, and the peculiar bias of his mind.

Curran, in one of his celebrated speeches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country. "The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity, or convenience; in savage nations, of the first; in polished, of the latter: but the

the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies, as in other countries: it springs, like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

FASHIONS *for* NOVEMBER.

TIARAS, with a little addition of satin, crape, &c. and veils to correspond with the tiaras, are much worn; also Spanish hats, of coloured velvet, or white satin, with plumes of ostrich feathers, and diamond button and loop. The Buenos Ayres cap still continues very prevalent, made in any good candle light colour, beautifully embroidered with silver, and silver cord and tassels, with white or coloured feathers. Silk and lace caps, with flowers to suit, still remain much the fashion. The Roxburgh hood, of worked, or plain muslin, bound entirely round with Iris ribbon, and a broach in front, is esteemed extremely elegant for half-dress. The Buenos Ayres dress is uncommonly beautiful; the sleeves are plain excepting a Spanish puff on the shoulder, which should be made only of a becoming fullness; the train rather short, and trimmed all round with small Spanish puffs, edged with gold or silver; the cestus fastened with cord and tassels to match. Ball dresses of white satin, with a border of gold-twine, cut to the width of a fourpenny ribbon; also muslin and crape, bound with Iris ribbon. The forms of hats and bonnets are so numerous, that we find it impossible to say, which will be most worn. Velvet, silk, and Circassian cloth pelisses, mantles, and spencers, trimmed with ermine, &c. with hats and bonnets the same. The Chin-Chilly fur is become extremely scarce; but the Buenos Ayres trimming is an elegant substitute, and will be universally adopted; the plush will continue much worn, 'till the frosts set in. The spencer Espagnole, which is something in the mantle style, but more beautiful, is likely to be much the rage. Morning dresses are still made quite short, with work let in round the bottom, made high in the neck, with a collar or ruff, and long sleeves, with work. Gipsey cloaks, of scarlet kerseymere, are much worn. Georgian, or fawn colour, is likely to be most fashionable. Dark colours are quite excluded, excepting bottle green, which is very elegant. Frosted flowers, and tiaras, in every colour, have a beautiful and striking effect, with veils ornamented with small wreaths of the same.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER *of the late* CAPTAIN ROGER TOMLIN.

ON the 28th of July last died at Messina, in Sicily, in his 27th year, Captain Roger Tomlin, of the 35th regiment of foot (late of Kettering, Norrthamptonshire), assistant-adjutant-general to the British forces in the Mediterranean. The death of this most promising and excellent young officer is a very affecting instance of the instability of human life and human hope. He had just distinguished himself by his bravery and humanity on the memorable plains of Maida, and signed the official returns of the battle, when he sunk into an early grave. In that action, so honourable to British prowess, he took an active part, and escaped all its perils, though one ball grazed his boot, a second wounded his horse, and a shot carried away the hilt of his sword. During the heat of the action he rescued from death, and received the submission of the French General Compere, who, wounded and dismounted, was on the point of perishing under the charge of the British bayonet. For this act of humanity that officer, on surrendering his sword, expressed his gratitude and admiration in the warmest terms. But he enjoyed the glory of that splendid day too short a time; his exertions and fatigue, under a burning sun, terminated in a fever, which, after an illness of nine days, brought him to the grave, and thus extinguished all the fair and glowing prospects before him, to the deep regret of his brave associates, and to the inexpressible affliction of his family and friends, who had scarcely read in the Gazette the accounts of his safety, when the painful tidings reached them of his premature death.

In him his country has to lament the loss of the future services of a young officer who displayed abilities in his profession of the first order; the army one of its brightest ornaments, who, by his talents and genius, bid fair to add still to its lustre. Without a military education, he had made himself well acquainted with those branches of the mathematics connected with military affairs; and of his acquirements he gave some very satisfactory proofs. His leisure hours were never spent in idle dissipation or frivolous pursuits, but were constantly directed to the study of his profession, or the acquisition of general science. At the early age of twenty-six, he had attained a considerable rank in the army without purchase. He began his military career as a cadet in the 85th regiment of foot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, in which he soon received a pair of colours, and served with that regiment at the occupation of Madeira, and in the West Indies.

At the peace of Amiens he returned to the bosom of his family and friends, remaining on half-pay 'till the renewal of hostilities, when he was appointed to the 97th or queen's German regiment,

regiment, which he joined at Cork, where he gained universal esteem. Soon after, at the recommendation of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, who had early distinguished his merit, and ever continued his friend and patron, he received, through General Sir John Moore, a lieutenancy in his regiment, the 52d. On the appointment of Colonel Gordon to the military secretaryship at the horse guards, he recommended him to the notice of his royal highness the commander in chief; in whose office he was received as assistant secretary, where he remained 'till the spring of 1805, when ill health obliging him to relinquish it, he received, as a testimony of his royal highness's approbation, a company in the newly-raised regiment of Malta.

On the fitting out of the then secret expedition under Sir James Craig, he was honoured with an appointment on the staff, and joined at Portsmouth as assistant adjutant-general, a most flattering proof of his royal highness's good opinion of him. Whlist the expedition remained at Malta he was gazetted to a company in the 35th, and soon after went with the army to the kingdam of Naples, but quitted it for Sicily on the unfortunate termination of the Austrian campaign, where he remained 'till a part of the forces being detached into Calabria, he accompanied them as acting head of the adjutant-general's department; and a new scene of glory was displayed to him, in which he well filled his part, but which eventually was destined to close all his prospects, and cut him off in the bloom of life, and amidst the laurels of victory. His afflicted relatives have the sad consolation of hearing "that he was beloved and respected in the army as an officer and man; that he received the kind attentions of friendship in his last moments; and that he was honourably buried."

He was interred on the evening of the 28th of July on the glacis of the citadel of Messina, with all possible military honours, the grenadier company of his regiment attending, and followed by the officers in garrison; the funeral service being read by the Rev. Mr. Cosserail, chaplain of the troops in Malta. A marble slab points out the spot (to use the expressive language of a most respectable officer, his worthy friend and colleague) "which contains the mortal part of as good a man, as brave a soldier, and as useful a servant to his country, in the sphere in which he acted, as the British army ever possessed."

Extraordinary Attempt of a Female to assassinate Oliver Cromwell.

A Lady, whose name was Lucretia Grenville, was betrothed to Francis, duke of Buckingham, at the time that he fell

in battle by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to avenge his death on the murderer. During the three succeeding years she exercised herself with pistols in firing at a portrait of Cromwell, which she had selected as a mark, that she might not be awed by the sight of the original; and, as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity of gratifying her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public; and when he did, it was with such precaution, that few could approach his person.

An occasion at length occurred:—The city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honour of the protector, who, either from vanity, or with a political view, determined to make his entrance into London in all the splendour of royalty. Upon this being made public, the curiosity of all ranks was excited: and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to neglect so favourable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose; for it so happened, that the procession was appointed to proceed through the very street in which she resided, and a balcony before the first story of her house, yielded her full scope for putting her long-premeditated design in effect.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several others female companions, in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, and attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not without the greatest exertions that she concealed the violent emotion under which she laboured; and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became so strong, that she nearly fainted, but, however, recovered just as the usurper arrived within a few paces of the balcony.

Hastily drawing the pistol from under her garment, she fearlessly took her aim, and fired;—but a sudden start which the lady who sat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction than was intended, and the ball striking the horse rode by Henry, the protector's son, it was laid dead at his feet. The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade; and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a singular spectacle—Above twenty females were on their knees imploring his mercy with uplifted hands, whilst *one* only stood undaunted in the midst of them, and looking down contemptuously on the usurper, exclaimed, "Tyrant! it was I who dealt the blow: nor should I be satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that, ere another twelvemonth has elapsed, Heaven will grant another that success which it has denied to me!"

The multitude, actuated more by fear than love, were preparing to level the house to the ground; when Cromwell cried aloud, with the most artful *sang-froid*, "Desist, my friends! alas! she knows not what she does." He then pursued his course; but afterwards caused Lucretia to be arrested, and confined in a mad-house.

EFFECTS *of* LIGHTNING *on* SHIPS.

IN the several cases of ships which have been struck with lightning, from observation it is remarked, 1. That lightning always appears to embrace one of the mast heads at first, and descends downwards. 2. That the parts of masts which are covered with tar and blacking are not so liable to be rent by the lightning as the parts clean scraped, or scraped and covered with tallow. 3. That the yards are seldom damaged by it, though the masts to which they are fixed are rent to pieces.

Bishop Porteus's Comparison between Modern Philosophy and Christianity.

LET the man who entertains doubts of the comparative excellence of Christianity and modern philosophy (if such a one there can be) cast his eyes, for a moment, on each side of the narrow strait, which separates two of the greatest and most powerful nations in Europe. In one of these philosophy has usurped the throne of God; in the other, Christianity has long established its empire. And it should seem as if (among other reasons) providence had permitted the former to triumph, in a kingdom so near our own, almost on purpose to contrast together, to shew in the strongest possible light, and to force upon the very senses of mankind, the different spirit and the different effects of infidelity and religion. The scenes that have lately passed in one of these countries are well known. They are too horrible to relate, and too recent to be forgotten. The blessings experienced in the other are before our eyes, and I trust engraved on all our hearts. After contemplating both with due attention, let us then say, whether "the tree (planted on each of these neighbouring shores) is not known by its fruit:"—Matt. xii. 33. whether the fruit of philosophy is not now, what it always has been, unrelenting cruelty; and the fruit of the gospel unbounded benevolence and universal love. Here, then, are the two great moral teachers and guides of life proposed to your choice; and as you approve the temper, and relish the actual effects, of the one, or of the other, decide between them.

Answer, by J. T. Symons, of Exeter, to P. Gove's Charade, inserted September 8.

I'VE search'd the garden, and the bower,
And found you meant the PASSION FLOWER.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. Cross and W. D. of Bristol; J. Ryan, and B. Belcher, of East Stonehouse; Sophia, of Modbury; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; T. Coumbe, of Saint German's; J. C. of Ottery; Henry Stoneman, J. S. and S. T. Wreford, of Exeter; J. Lewis, of Poole; and Delia, of Hinton St. George.

Answer, by Adrianus, to Sophia's Anagram, inserted September 8.

I'LL venture now to bet a kiss,
Your anagram I've found, dear Miss;
Surely an HORSE your beast conceals,
And SHORE what's near the sea reveals;
One letter less—again transpose,
Your blushing cheek pourtrays the ROSE.

*** Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Virgil, of Shaston; J. Ryan, and B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; Henry Stoneman, J. S. and J. T. Symons, of Exeter; W. Cross, and W. D. of Bristol; R. Gidley, and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; T. Pitman, of Child Okeford; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; W. Mann, of Plymouth Dock; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; T. Coumbes, of St. German's; Delia, of Hinton St. George; G. P. O. of Beer; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and J. C. of Ottery.

An ANAGRAM, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

A Foreign state transpose aright;
A foreign town then comes to sight;
A letter change, again transpose,
A woman's name you'll then disclose.

CHARADE.

MY first, Oh! nature's charming hand
Produc'd, substantial, thro' the land;
To form my second, you'll require,
A number of my first to hire;
Tho' yet my whole may seem obscure,
'Twill shew where I reside I'm sure.

A REBUS, *by H. Stoneman, of Exeter.*

MY first, I hope, will e'er revere
Our great Creator's name;
And throughout each revolving year,
Resound his boundless fame.
The human frame you'll next survey,
For there my second's found;
And next a fish you will display,
That doth in pools abound.
My whole in foreign climes doth grow,
Alluring to the eye;
But if you taste its fruit 'twill show
That by it many die.

POETRY.

AUTUMN.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
With a sad and solemn sound:

Sons of Adam once in Eden,
"Blighted when like us you fell,"
Hear the lectures we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins much, too much presuming,
On your boasted white and red;
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Griping misers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high on fancy'd worth;
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call;
Cease at length by us persuaded,
Ev'ry leaf must have a fall.

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health, and manly grace;
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable sires grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye;
Think amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach this truth unerring,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,
Man let all thy hopes be staid;
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that ne'er shall fade.

Duddington. W. CORBY.

The HARP *of* SORROW.

I Gave my harp to sorrow's hand,
And she has rul'd the chords so long,

They

They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly lov'd to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast:

Of long, long years of future care
'Till lingering nature yields her breath;
And endless ages of despair
Beyond the judgment-day of death—

The weeping minstrel sings;
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles thro' the strings,
And every note is full of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier train,
And wake this wild harp's clearest tones;
The strings, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul, to suffering all resign'd,
In sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play;

'Till all the air around
Mysterious murmurs fill—
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet, yet mournful still.

O snatch the harp from sorrow's hand,
Hope! who hast been a stranger long:
Oh strike it with sublime command,
And be the poet's life thy song!

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of tears for ever fled—
Of flowers, that hear the voice of spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead!

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as Jehovah's love,
And everlasting as his truth;

Sing heavenly hope! and dart thine hand
O'er my frail harp, untun'd so long;
That harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom controul,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart!

Sheffield, September 29, 1806.